

COLUMBUS GAZETTE.

VOLUME 3. COLUMBUS, IND. DECEMBER 9, 1846. NUMBER 12.

TERMS. The Columbus Gazette, is published on a large Imperial sheet, once a week, at the following rates, to wit: One dollar and a half per annum, or for 50 numbers, in advance. Two dollars if not paid within six months; or Two dollars and fifty cents, if payment be delayed till the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, only at the option of the publisher. Communications on business, must invariably be post paid, to insure attention.

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POETRY.

From the American Advocate TEMPERANCE.

Parent, see, the day is breaking, Gaze now on thy son, still bent With the bad effects of drinking, Wand'ring on uncertain yet. Turn, another scene awaits thee, He has left the brimming bowl; Father! Mother! will you own me— I'm the long lost prodigal. I've returned to be your stay, Your comfort in life's weary way. Wife! who once, with speechless feeling, O'er thy loved one fondly bent, Hast thou seen that loved one reel, Whil'at thy prayers to God were sent. See, he turns his steps toward thee, All thy prayers are answered now; Wife receive me—O forgive me— I have pledged the prodigal vow. I have sinned, and I am free, I'll return to comfort thee.

Country! hearst thou yon wailing, Of the weeping wife and child? 'Tis intemperance o'er us ringing, Making Orphans far and wide. Onward! onward! to the battle, Let true freedom have its birth— Not the same we want, nor title, Strike the oppressor from the earth! Conquer? then that will be free, Blooming onward, thee we'll see.

THE SUMMER'S GONE.

The Summer's gone—and every flower That waved its beauties to the sun, Has bloomed its brief, but lovely hour, And shed its fragrance and is gone. The Summer's gone—and many a hope That bedded with the early spring, Has seen its blossoms brightly ope, To wither like a blighted thing! The Summer's gone—and many an eye That brightly shone, in tears are clouded, And hearts that loved as withered lie, Or worse than this by coldness clouded.

The Summer's gone—but soon again Shall blush and breathe upon the air, The enamored flower, and paint the green, But those I love will not be there.

THE FAULTS OF A MAN.

BY A LADY. A thousand faults in man we find— Man in him we seldom meet; Man's inconstant and unkind; Man is false and indiscreet; Man's capricious, jealous, free, Vain, insincere, and trifling, too; Yet still the women all agree, For want of better—he must do!

From the St. Louis Republican.

THE SANTA ANNA LOAN.

It is in the remembrance of our readers, that, at the close of the last session of Congress, President Polk asked for an appropriation of \$2,000,000, to be expended by himself, secretly, in buying a peace. He gave no reasons why this sum was necessary, and there was to be no responsibility in disbursing it, except such as he might be willing to assume. Honest John Davis discussed the merits of the bill in the Senate, and, whilst doing so, the session expired, and the bill failed to become a law.

It is now generally conceded, and in fact such was the common understanding in Washington when the bill was before Congress, that President Polk wanted this two millions of dollars to bribe Santa Anna. The belief is that Santa Anna had promised Mr. Polk to return to Mexico, assume the reins of Government, and, for the two millions of dollars, no matter how used, he was to bring about a peace, such as the Administration would be content with. The money he did not get, as Honest John Davis did not stop speaking in time, but certain it is, that, by the orders, or intimations, of President Polk to the blockading squadron, Santa Anna, with some twenty of the most distinguished officers of the Mexican army, were permitted to sail

from Havana, pass through the squadron, and land at Vera Cruz unmolested. Now Santa Anna and these officers are at the head of the Mexican army, preparing it for another onset upon our troops. There is no intimation of a disposition to treat or surrender. On the contrary, the information we have induces the belief that Santa Anna and his favorite Generals are concentrating a large force, larger than any yet brought into the field, at San Luis Potosi, and that another battle, more sanguinary than any which have yet taken place, will shortly be fought.

Since the return of Santa Anna to Mexico, the only drawback to his operations has been the want of money. Those who have read the extracts which we published, from papers printed in the city of Mexico on the 26th September, and letters of the 28th, will have seen that he has been endeavoring to raise a loan to carry on the war. Propositions have been made to mortgage the church property, and other expedients have been resorted to, with what success is left in some doubt by the accounts to which we have alluded.

The amount of the loan required by Santa Anna, and its exact correspondence with the sum asked for by Mr. Polk, can scarcely have escaped the attention of the reader. Mr. Polk wanted \$2,000,000 secret service money; Gen. Santa Anna only asks \$2,000,000 with which to prosecute the war against the United States. Coupling the amounts asked for by Mr. Polk and Santa Anna, with the circumstances under which Santa Anna and the Mexican officers were permitted to pass the blockade and land at Vera Cruz, and there can scarcely remain a doubt that he wanted and intended this \$2,000,000 for Santa Anna; and if Santa Anna had got them who doubts that he would have employed the money in preparing the Mexican army to continue the war? In a country like Mexico, where the troops are paid but little, if any thing—where subsistence is cheap, and where the only things necessary for them to purchase out of the nation are arms and ammunition—these two millions of dollars, if John Davis had not prevented Mr. Polk from giving it to Santa Anna, would have been sufficient to have carried on the war a year or two years longer—much to the satisfaction of partisans and speculators, but at a great cost of life and money to the people of the United States.

When the two million bill was defeated, the Locofoco press attempted to be very severe in their criticisms on the conduct of Mr. Davis. He was denounced in unmeasured terms, and even some whig editors were guilty of the folly of regretting the failure of the bill. But, since the purposes to which Mr. Polk intended to apply the money have become apparent, and after seeing the course of Santa Anna on his return to Mexico, there are few, save blind partisan zealots, who do not rejoice at the foresight and independence of the indomitable Whig, who, by his action, not only saved to the nation two millions of dollars, but avoided a yet greater calamity—by preventing its going into the hands of the enemy, to be used in war against us. Mr. Polk and partisans may regret that their friend and agent, Santa Anna, did not finger the cash, but the people of the United States are now well satisfied with the defeat of the bill by Mr. Davis. His fifteen minute's speech was worth to the nation two millions of dollars in cash, and much more in the saving of life and the reputation of the nation.

More of the Subtreasury.

The editor of the Petersburg Intelligence describes the Subtreasury, established in the "Cockade town," as being by no means "a patent asbestos iron box, with a blunderbuss well loaded and cocked, inside, so that if any man who had 'at the hang' of it attempted to open it, he would get a load of slugs in his broad-basket," but simply "a leather travelling trunk, with straps to match—just such a one as a man would take on a jaunt to the White Sulphur or Saratoga, and bought, no doubt, at one of the Petersburg shoe and trunk stores! That's the Petersburg Sub-treasury."

"It is placed (says the editor) in the Exchange Bank—not on deposit—but as the safest place our collectors can find. The bank is not responsible for a penny of the money, so that if a man were to take the said travelling trunk, strap it behind his carriage, and cut out to parts unknown, the bank might snap its fingers at

'Uncle Sam's face, and tell him to go to—any place that is mentionable to ears polite.'

The Printing Press.

It is a remarkable fact, that the press was established at Philadelphia when beginning a young colony, at an earlier period, than in old Virginia or old New York. There was a reason for this fact, which is very little known—no less than a fear of the too free use of it by the colonists, for refractory purposes. I see that in 1683, (the time of the settlement of Philadelphia,) the governor of Virginia was instructed not to allow any person to use a printing press, upon any occasion. In 1686, Governor Randolph, of Massachusetts, forbade any one to print without his consent. Four years before, the General Court of Massachusetts determined that there should be no press used but at Cambridge, and then only under the inspection of two licensers—they, to prevent any abuse of the authorities of the country. I only think of the difference now, when public authorities are the license targets for every editor's shot. Pennsylvania never had any such restrictions, and therefore William Bradford set up his press there as soon as the city was founded. The Governor of Virginia, when advertising a reward for pirates, had to send to Philadelphia to get the printing done, in 1728; and on another occasion, he thanked God they had no press!

The following letter from General Worth to Maj. Gen. George H. Stuart, Baltimore, relative to the death of Capt. Ridgely, is so expressive of the feelings of the brave, for a departed comrade in arms, that we take pleasure in giving it to our readers. It is dated,

Monterey, Mexico, Oct. 29th, '46.

My Dear Stuart—I feel that the obligation rests upon me, "although the bearer of evil tidings hath but a losing office," to announce the sad affliction it has pleased an inscrutable Providence to visit upon our ancient friend, General Ridgely. His gallant son has passed from the theatre of his fame and usefulness to the grave, as universally mourned as he was beloved and admired. An aged father, mother, wife and child will, it is hoped, find some mitigation of their deep affliction in the mingled sympathies of the country at large, especially the members of that profession which his valor adorned.

When borne to his lonely grave, no "inky cloak" but the heavy heavings of manly bosoms testified the depth and intensity of that grief which admonished of the final separation from a loved and admired comrade. Not associated with myself other than in relations of respect and social regard, it will be the melancholy office of his immediate commander to communicate the sad circumstances of the untimely death of Capt. Ridgely, so recently and frequently present at the harvest of death, and yet find no charitable messenger to give him a soldier's death.

Than yourself who so fitting to break the force of this heavy withering blow! Ridgely's manhood must brace itself to sustain those who will have to lean upon and look up to him for example in resignation to the will of God.

Faithfully yours,

W. J. WORTH.

To Maj. Gen. G. H. Stuart, Baltimore.

Working Girls.

Happy girls—who can but love them! With cheeks like the rose, brighteyes and elastic step, how cheerfully they go to their work. Our repudiation for it, such girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will those men be who secure such prizes. Contrast with these contented, cheerful, smiling girls, those who do nothing but sigh all day and live only to follow the fashions, who never earn the bread they eat or the shoes they wear—who are languid and lazy from one week's end to the other. Who but a simpleton and a popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion? Give us the working girls. They are worth their weight in gold. You never see them mining along, or jump a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or fly. They have no affectation—no silly airs about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a dozen silly airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to a human being, and not to a painted, fallen, angel. If girls knew how sadly they miss it,

while they endeavor to show off their delicate hands and unsoiled skins, and put on a thousand airs—they would give worlds for the situation of the working ladies, who are so far above them in intelligence—in honor—in every thing—as the heavens are above the earth. Be wise, then, you who have made fools of yourselves through life. Turn over a new leaf and begin, though late, to live and act as human beings—as companions to immortal man, and not playthings and dolls, in no other way can you be happy and subserve the designs of your existence.—Portland Tribune.

From the Pittsburgh Advertiser. ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR SALT RIVER! THE FAST RUNNING RARGE "FREE TRADE"

Sir ROBERT WALKER, Master. Is now on a voyage up Salt River, freighted with the British Tariff of 18-46. Passengers, Polk Dallas, Kane, McCandless, Wilnot and their followers, the advocates of Free Trade. For passengers apply to

"POLK'S NEAR NEIGHBOR."

The following paragraph from the speech of General Cameron, in the United States Senate, is to be carried in the "breaches pocket" of every passenger:

"I have already intimated what I believe will be the effects of this bill. I hope for the welfare of my country, that I may be mistaken—but if it be true that 'the history of the past is but the prophecy of the future,' the result is too clearly foreshadowed to admit of a doubt. Pass this bill, and the Democratic party must again be defeated, and our opponents again triumph, and the policy of the country will be unsettled for years. This, however, may be considered a minor consideration, compared with its disastrous effects upon every branch of trade and business in the country. The lawyers may flourish and grow rich, for they prosper by the distresses of other men. They may build up fortunes upon the ruined estates of their fellow citizens, and the hard earned savings of the laboring man. No other class of the community can derive any benefit from this bill of abominations."

Count the Cost!

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, says:

"It is time for the farmers and mechanics and all others to look at the cost of this war with Mexico—at its cost in HARD CASH, to say nothing of the thousands of lives lost by sickness and the thousands lost in battle, in consequence of it. Congress, at its late session, appropriated FIFTY-ONE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! The money is all expended and the expenses of the war are not half paid. Close the war now—but it looks as if it had only just begun—and the sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS would not more than cover all its expenses, according to those who are best in calculating these matters.

"Just think of it—one hundred and fifty millions of dollars under Mr. Polk's Administration, when, in other hands, peace and California might have been obtained, as all believe, for a less sum than ten millions.

"One hundred and fifty millions of silver dollars! Why, the sum would load ONE THOUSAND AND FOUR HUNDRED SIX HORSE WAGONS, and the train of teams drawing this amount of cash, expended by an economical Democratic administration, in its war with Mexico, would be more than twenty-one miles long!

"Here is a sum of money and an amount of silver for the farmers; mechanics and all others to contemplate! Actually this vast sum is required of the people, by this immaculate administration, to carry on a war with Mexico—a war that on account of the manner in which it was begun, and the progress which has been made in it, must and ought to be vigorously carried on to a triumphant and honorable termination, let the cost be what it may."

Gen. Jackson and Capt. Fatio.

An exchange paper relates the following of Gen. Jackson and Captain Fatio, late of the Revenue Service: "The Captain Fatio, who was lately dismissed from the service as Commander of the Revenue Cutter Woodbury, in consequence of putting into port to avoid a gale of wind, he having a government agent on board, charged with important despatches from Vera Cruz, is the same person who

obtained office from Gen. Jackson in a very singular manner. Having been dismissed from service by John Quincy Adams, he laid his complaint before the new President immediately upon his accession to power. The General, as he alleges, promised to reinstate him, but put him off from day to day, until at last, incensed by the untiring importunities of the little Captain, the old hero sprang to his feet, and swore by the 'Eternal,' if he did not desist, he would throw him out of the window! The words were likely to be followed by the action, when Fatio distancing himself to his utmost proportions, exclaimed, 'Try it, you d—d old tyrant, and I'll run you through!' The General was so much astonished at the fellow's coolness and courage, that he sat down and wrote out his commission at once.

A Sentinel's Soliloquy.

The Xenia Torch Light publishes a letter from a returned volunteer who belonged to the St. Louis Legion, from which we extract the following anecdote. The Locos claim that their defeat in Ohio, arose in part, from the fact that the volunteers were mostly democrats. We are greatly mistaken if they have not more to fear from their return, than from their absence. The only sovereign cure for Locofocoism now known is a peep at the Mexican war—the elephant, as the volunteers call it!

"One night during the four day's rain I was standing sentinel half leg deep in water. It was a night not easily forgotten—'such sheets of vivid lightning, such bursts of horrid thunder, such roaring groans of wind and rain, I never remember to have heard.' It was as dark as a recess in Green river cave. About two o'clock in the morning, I heard a splashing along in the water and hailed. It proved to be Capt. Salisbury, officer of the day, and Lieut. West, officer of the guard, going the grand rounds. After passing me, the next sentinel but one they found engaged in earnest conversation with himself, in which he appeared so much interested that he did not hear them approach. They had the curiosity to listen to his soliloquy.

"Yes," said he, 'when I voted for James K. Polk, had I known it would have led to this, I'd have seen him in h—l, and Texas sunk first. But after the war was brought on, I was ashamed to let the Whigs do the fighting, and stay at home and be taunted by them. I was obliged to come for consistency's sake; but if I had you here this minute, James K. Polk, you—here he uttered an awful imprecation on him—I'd blow you through,' and he brought his musket to take aim, as if he would shoot, shure enough. At that moment the grand rounds made a noise and were hailed sternly with—'Who comes there?'—'James K. Polk,' was the reply. 'Advance you d—d son of a b—, and give the countersign, or I'll blow your brains out!' The officers told the anecdote next day to the company."

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal says:

CAMP MONTEREY, Oct. 7, 1846. Hungry and cold, I crept to one corner of the fort to get in the sunshine, and at the same time to shelter myself from the bombs that were flying thick around me. I looked out, and some two or three hundred yards from the fort, I saw a Mexican female carrying water and food to the wounded men of both armies. I saw her lift the head of one poor fellow—give him water, and then take the handkerchief from her own head and bind up his wounds—attending one or two others in the same way, she went back for more food and water. As she was returning I heard the crack of one or two guns, and she, poor good creature, fell; after a few struggles all was still—she was dead. I turned my eyes to heaven and thought "Oh God! and this is war!" I cannot believe but that the shot was an accidental one. The next day, passing into another fort, I passed her dead body. She was lying on her back, with the bread and broken gourd containing a few drops of water. We buried her amidst showers of grape and round shot, occasionally dodging a shell or twelve pounder, and expecting every moment to have another grave to dig for one of ourselves. J. R. B.

A Good Reason.

"Why have women no beards?" "Because they can not keep their mouths still long enough to be shaved."

TOM SNOOK'S WIFE.

"I never undertook but once," said Tom, "to set at nought the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all nice and cozy, she got me in the habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know, but then she—why it was done just in this way. She finished breakfast rather before me one morning, and slipped away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and sat it just where I couldn't help but see what was wanted. So I took hold, regularly enough, and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt well paid. Well, then the next churning day came along, she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word said, you know, of course. Well, by and bye, this began to be rather irksome. I wanted her to just ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say any thing about to save my life, so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts; was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up and standing a few minutes, just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me, but never a word said she, and so, with palpitating heart, I moved on. I went down town, up town, and all over town, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong—I didn't exactly feel how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the forenoon.

It seemed as if dinner time never would come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon have my ears cut off. So I went fretting and moping about town till dinner hour came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of storm I expected. Will you believe it?—she never greeted me with a sweeter smile—never had a better dinner for me than on that day, but there stood the churn, just where I left it! Not a word was said—I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn and went at it just in the old way. Splash, drip, rattle, splash, drip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter never was so long coming. I suppose the cream, standing so long, had got warm, and so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last, from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time—'come Tom, my dear, you have rattled that butter-milk quite long enough, if it's only for fun you are doing it!' I knew how it was, in a flash. She had churned the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the buttermilk in, for me to exercise with. I never set up for myself in household matters, after that."

How Came it So?

The "Union," in replying to some remarks of an English editor, makes the following emphatic assertion:

"Our Government made no sort of bargain with Santa Anna, and never counted upon his treachery. We consider the above assertion exceedingly important. If our Government did not count upon the treachery of Santa Anna, and made no sort of bargain with him, how came SANTA ANNA to have the means of passing through the blockading squadron with the knowledge of the United States officers? How comes he now at the head of the Mexican troops, infusing new life into them against those of this country? Let that be answered.—U. S. Gazette.

SELF IMPORTANCE.—For a stiff, unbending, self-important person, we have no affection. Approach him with any way you please and you are sure to see the great "I myself," and get nothing but disappointment and chagrin for your pains.

The printer stood his stick and rule in a rage. And—set up there two lines to fill out the page.

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